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by

Kramer Edward Elwell

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The Thesis committee for Kramer Edward Elwell
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The Music of Erich Zann

An Electronic Opera Suite

**APPROVED BY
SUPERVISING COMMITTEE:**

Supervisor: _____

Russell Pinkston

Donald Grantham

The Music of Erich Zann

An Electronic Opera Suite

by

Kramer Edward Elwell B.M.

Thesis

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Abstract

The Music of Erich Zann

An Electronic Opera Suite

by

Kramer Edward Elwell, M.Music.

University of Texas at Austin, 2016

Supervisor: Russell Pinkston

Inspired by, and adapted from, the riveting 1928 HP Lovecraft short story of the same name, *The Music of Erich Zann* is an obtuse and curious descent into madness and the unknown. Set in an eerily unknown city in early 20th century France, the stories unnamed protagonist takes up residence in an old apartment bereft of any tenants, save for one man, the mute old musician: Erich Zann. Through sleepless nights Zann plays the wildest, most otherworldly music, but under closer investigation we find there is something far more evil and unnatural hidden within those nightly refrains. Something so unnatural that it seems to distort reality itself.

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Instrumentation Page

The Music of Erich Zann

An Electronic Opera Suite

By Kramer Elwell

Instrumentation

Mezzo-Soprano
Flute
Bb Clarinet (Bb Bass Clarinet)
Piano
Violin
Violincello
Percussion (Vibraphone, Brake Drum, Bass Drum)
Electronic performer

Length

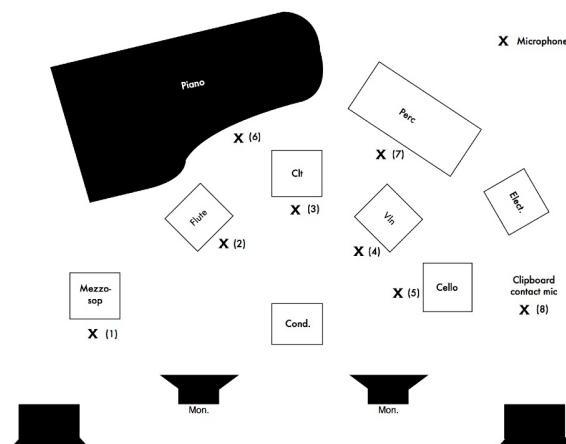
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Program Note

Inspired by, and adapted from, the riveting 1928 HP Lovecraft short story of the same name, The Music of Erich Zann is an obtuse and curious descent into madness and the unknown. Set in an eerily unknown city in early 20th century France, the stories unnamed protagonist takes up residence in an old apartment bereft of any tenants, save for one man, the mute old musician: Erich Zann. Through sleepless nights Zann plays the wildest, most otherworldly music, but under closer investigation we find there is something far more evil and unnatural hidden within those nightly refrains. Something so unnatural that it seems to distort reality itself.

Technology, Diffusion, and Stage set up

Inputs - The electronics interface has been designed specifically with a standard 8x8 audio interface in mind. Thus to accommodate the needs of the entire ensemble the interface is patched to a single microphone per performer (including the clipboard contact mic for Mvt. VII). Though should greater capabilities be possible second microphones could be added to the piano and percussion set up for stereo signals. This option can also be chosen within the help and setting menu. Additionally the electronics interface is natively set to route inputs as shown in set up diagram below, but there is also a routing matrix include within the help and settings menu as well. From there the inputs can be switched as need be at any time for convenience.

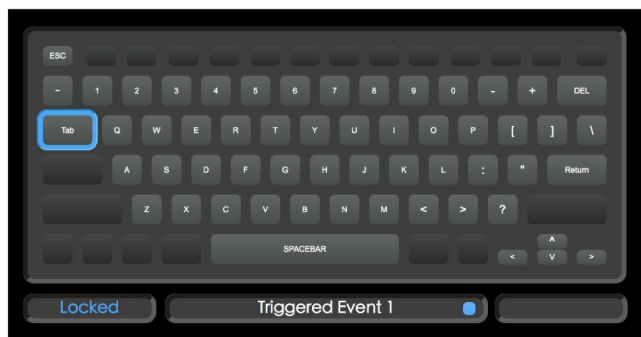


Diffusion - This piece is designed to be performable from as little as a 2-channel diffusion to as large as a 8.2 octophonic diffusion set up. Which diffusion you would like to use in the electronics can be chose within the help menu (see interface). Note that there are certain acoustical effects through the electronics processing that are far more effective in larger diffusion set ups.

Things you will need:

- An 8 input 8 output Audio Interface
- A Laptop
- At least 4 condensor microphones, 6 should the Violin and Cello not have their own pick ups. (Also alternatively the flute could use an over ear condensor microphone.)
- 1 Dynamic Microphone
- 1 Contact Microphone (plus clipboard)
- 2 stage monitors
- Mixer
- 2 to 8 speakers
- Up to 2 subwoofers

Electronics Interface



^ Keyboard lock state ^ Most recent Triggered event ^ Current Movement

*The electronics part in **The Music of Erich Zann** is designed to be performed by a singular electronics operator for the entire duration of the piece. The interface for which is programmed entirely in MAX/MSP and knowledge of said program is recommended.*

From this keyboard interface the performer will trigger soundfiles and changes to effects processing for the entire ensemble in accordance with notated events in the score. The following are instructions to understanding the operation of the electronic interface, which can also be found embedded within the patch in the help menu. (found by pressing the blue "?" button)

When performing the piece the event loader will always be "locked" into one movement at a time. The current movement patch is indicated in the text box in the bottom right hand corner of the interface. In order to proceed to the next movement of the piece the electronics performer must disengage the Tab Lock (read below) and use either the left or right arrow keys to move forward or backwards through the piece. Once the movement has been chosen the electronics performer hits the SPACE bar in order to set all soundfiles, and effects parameters to their "0 state" (default position for the beginning of that movement). All subsequent events triggered after setting the "0 state" of a movement will only change parameters based on the event sheet for that movement.

Thus, with all events separated by movement the first event after setting the "0 state" will *always* be the keyboard character **1**. The events then count up from keyboard characters **1 - 0** (being events 1 - 10), then from **Q - P** (being events 11 - 20), followed by **A - ;** [semicolon] (for events 21 - 30). When notated in the score these events will be indicated by the desired key to be pressed by the performer in a box above the beat on which it should be pressed with the word "*Event*" written above it. In cases where the event being triggered comes chronologically after event 9, and thus is triggered by a character other than 1 - 9, the number of that event will also be indicated under the notated key press. An example of this event notation is shown here:

Event		Event
1	or	W
		(12)

To discourage accidentally triggering events prematurely the keyboard interface is equipped with a **Tab Lock** feature. When in the locked position (when the TAB key is not held) any keys pressed will send input to the event loader. Conversely, to trigger any events marked in the score the electronics performer *MUST* hold the TAB key while pressing the indicated keyboard character to advance the patch. The interface also features a visual cue both on the graphic keyboard and the keyboard lock state text box on the bottom left hand of the interface.

Full Text

The Music of Erich Zann

Text adapted by **Kramer Elwell**
Based on a short story by **H.P Lovecraft**

I. Rue d'Auseil

I have examined maps of the city with the greatest care,
yet have never again found the Rue d'Auseil.

These maps have not been modern maps alone,
Despite all I have done I cannot find:
he house, the street, or even the locality.
where, during the last months of my impoverished life

I heard the music of Erich Zann.

The Rue d'Auseil lay across a dark river
A shadowy river, odorous with evil stench,

I do not know how I came to live on such a street,
but I was not myself when I moved there.

II. Erich Zann

The night I arrived I heard strange music from the peaked garret overhead.
I was told it was an old German viol-player,
a strange, mute man who signed his name as Erich Zann,

A man who played in the night
In the lofty and isolated room he had chosen.
Whose single gable window was the only point from which one could look,
at the declivity and panorama beyond.
Awake, I heard Zann every night,
haunted by the weirdness of his music.
Yet certain that none of his harmonies had any relation
o music I had heard before;

He was a composer of highly original genius.
I listened, and the longer I listened
he more I was fascinated.

III. Follow Him Up the Dark Attic Stairs

He was a small, bent man,
with shabby clothes and a grotesque, satyr-like face,
and at my first words seemed both angered and frightening.

My friendliness, however, finally melted him;
Grudgingly motioning me to follow him up the dark, creaking, attic stairs.

His room, was one of only two in the pitched garret,
Its size was very great; greater because of its extraordinary bareness and neglect.

Music was piled in disorder about the floor.
whilst the abundance of dust and cobwebs made it seem more deserted.

Erich Zann's true world of beauty lay not here,
but in some far cosmos of the imagination.

With a lit candle he removed his viol from its moth-eaten covering,
and with it enchanted me for hours
with strains I had never heard before;

strains of his own devising.
Impossible to describe for one unversed.

A kind of fugue, with recurrent passages of the most captivating quality.

Though notable for the absence of any of the weird sounds
hat I had overheard from my room below

IV. Words of a Labored Foreigner

I often hummed those haunting notes...

Trying to awaken my host's weirder mood,
I whistled a few strains that I had heard the night before.

But when the musician recognized the whistled air
his face grew distorted with a gross a furious expression.

He reached out to stop and silence the crude imitation,
casting a startled glance toward the lone curtained window,
as if fearful of some intruder.

I felt a wish to look out that window,
over the wide and dizzying panorama.
Of moonlit roofs and city lights below.

but with a frightened rage the man was upon me
motioning with his head toward the door
as he nervously dragged me thither with both hands.

He crossed to the littered table,
where he wrote many words,
n the labored French of a foreigner.

The note was an appeal for tolerance and forgiveness.
For he was old and lonely;
Afflicted with strange fears and nervous disorders.

V. The Dread of Vague Wonder

the attic room and the weird music held me, in an odd fascination.
A curious desire to look out of that window,
over the wall at glittering roofs
and spires which must lie outspread.

I would climb to my old fifth floor..
to overhear the nocturnal playing.
Growing bold enough to climb the last creaking staircase

There in the narrow hall, I often heard sounds
which filled me with an indefinable dread.
The dread of vague wonder and brooding mystery.

It was not that the sounds were hideous, for they were not;
but that they held vibrations suggesting nothing on this earth,

At intervals they assumed a symphonic quality
which I could not conceive as being produced by one player.

Certainly, Erich Zann was a genius of wild power.

VI. I Waited in the Black Hallway

One night as I listened at the door
I heard the shrieking viol swell

Into a chaotic babel of sound;
a pandemonium which would have led me to doubt my own sanity.

A piteous proof that the horror was real.
An awful cry, which rises only from the most terrible fear.

I knocked repeatedly at the door,
but received no response.

I waited in the black hallway, shivering with cold and fear,

I heard Zann stumble to the window and close both shutter and sash,
then stumble to the door to admit me.
His delight at having me present was real;
For his distorted face gleamed with relief.

VII. Paradoxical Suggestions

Beside him, his viol and bow lay carelessly on the floor.
He sat a time inactive, nodding oddly,
a paradoxical suggestion of intense and frightened listening.

He seemed satisfied,
Handing me a note, he began to write incessantly.

The note implored me to wait where I was
while he prepared a full account of all the marvels and terrors.

I waited, and the man's pencil flew.

VIII. Rend the Night

I waited...
I saw Zann start as if from a horrible shock.

he looked at the curtained window and listening shudderingly.
Then I half fancied I heard a sound myself;
though not a horrible sound,
but an exquisitely low and infinitely distant note.

The effect was terrible,
he suddenly rose and seized his viol,
Commencing to rend the night with the wildest playing.

That dreadful night, the playing of Erich Zann,
was more horrible than anything I had ever heard.

I could now see the expression of his face;
I could now see that the motive was stark fear.

Trying to make a noise;
to ward something off...
drown something out...
what, I could not imagine, awesome though I it must be.

The playing grew fantastic, delirious, and hysterical,

A hungarian dance,
the last of qualities of the supreme genius,
I knew this old man possessed.

IX. Seething Abysses of Smoke and Lightning

Louder and louder, wilder and wilder,
was the shrieking of that desperate viol.

In his frenzied strains I could almost see shadowy satyrs dancing,
and whirling insanely through seething abysses of clouds of smoke and lightning.

I heard a shriller, steadier note, not from the viol;
a calm, purposeful, mocking note from far in the west.

A howling night-wind, began to rattle the shutter
as if in answer to the mad playing within.

The glass broke under persistent impacts.
A wind rushed in, rustling sheets of paper
where Zann had begun to write out his horrible secret.
Zann was now far past conscious observation.

His blue eyes were glassy, and sightless.
Frantic playing had become a blind,
mechanical orgy that no pen could suggest.

X. Space Illimitable

A sudden gust, stronger than the others,
caught up the manuscript and bore it toward the window.

In desperation, I reached the demolished panes.

I remembered my wish to gaze from this window,
the only window in the Rue d'Auseil one might see beyond the wall,

The city's lights always burned,

Yet when I looked from that highest of gable windows,
looked while the insane viol howled with the night-wind,
I saw no city below; no friendly lights gleaming from remembered streets,
Only the blackness of space illimitable;

unimagined space alive with motion and music,
no semblance to anything on earth.

I stood there in terror,
In savage and impenetrable darkness,
chaos and pandemonium before me,
and the daemon madness of that night-baying viol behind me.

XI. Unknown Things

Through the garret strange currents of wind
seemed to dance in the darkness.

I staggered, groping my way to the place
where the blackness screamed with shocking music.

To save myself and Erich Zann I could at least try,
whatever the powers opposed to me.

Out of the blackness I felt ahead,
and shook Zann's shoulder in effort to bring him to his senses.

"we must both flee from the unknown things of the night!"

He neither answered me nor abated the frenzy of his music.

I plunged wildly away from that glassy-eyed thing in the dark,
the ghoulish howling of that accursed viol
whose fury increased even as I did so.

Leaping, floating, flying down those endless stairs
through that dark house;
racing mindlessly out into ancient streets
clattering over cobbles to the putrid river;
Across the great dark bridge

These are terrible impressions that linger with me:
There was no wind...
The moon was out...
and all the lights of the city burned.

XII. Undreamable Abysses

Despite my most careful searches and investigations,
I have never since been able to find the Rue d'Auseil.

But I am not sorry for this,
or for the loss in undreamable abysses

of the closely written sheets
which alone could have explained the music of Erich Zann.

The Music of Erich Zann Full Score

The Music of Erich Zann

An Electronic Opera Suite for Mezzo-Soprano, Flute, Clarinet in B \flat , Piano, Violin, Cello, Percussion, and Electronics

Text adapted by Kramer Elwell
Based on a short story by H.P. Lovecraft

Kramer Elwell (b. 1990)
(ASCAP)

Strings

I. Rue d'Auseil

(♩ = 80 Dark and Subtle)

Mezzo-soprano

Flute

Clarinet in B \flat

Piano

Violin

Viola

Percussion

Electronics

Shift
SPACE
Event 0

2 3 4 5 6

Molto *ad lib*

pp

Delay

M.S.

I have examined maps of the city with the greatest care.

yet have never again found the Rue d'Auseil

Pno.

Vln.

Vc.

Perc.

(B. D.)

Elect.

7 8 9 10 11 12 13

Event 1

f

mp

pp

Vibraphone

mp

P

mf *f* *mp* *f* *mf*
 These maps have not been mo - dern maps a -

mf *f* *mf*
mf *f* *mf*

p *f*

14 15 16 17 18 19

pp *mf* *mf*
 lone Des - pite all I have done I can not find the house the street or ev - en the lo -

n *p* *mf*
n *mf*

f *mp*

20 21 25

f *p* *mf* *f*

M.S. col - - - it - y where - - - du - ring the last months of my im - pov - er - ished life I heard the mus -

Fl. *f* *mf* *p*

Cl. *f* *mf* *p*

Pno. *f* *pp* *mp*

Vln. *pizz.* *p* *pizz.*

Vc. *mp*

Perc. (Vib.) *p* *sfz* *mp* *sfz* *sfz*

(B. D.) *mp*

Elect.

26 27 28 29 30 31

rit. *mp* *n*

M.S. ic of Er - ich Zann.

Fl. *mp* *p*

Cl. *p*

Pno. *pp*

Vln. arco non vib sul tasto sul pont wide vib sul tasto

Vc. arco sul pont wide vib sul tasto non vib sul pont wide vib

Perc. (Vib.) *mf* *mp* *n*

(B. D.) *n*

Elect.

32 33 34 35 36 37 38

Event
2

mf f

M.S. the Rue d'Au-seil lay a-cross a dark ri-ver a sha-dow-y ri-ver o-dor-ous with ev-il sten-ches

Fl. sfz mp mf f mf

Cl. sfz mp mf f mf

Pno. mp

Vln. non vib sul pont wide vib sul fasto sul pont sul fasto non vib sul fasto

Vc. sul tasto non vib sul pont wide vib sul tasto non vib sul pont wide vib sul tasto non vib sul pont wide vib

Perc. (Vib.) mf

Elec.

39 Event 3 4 41 Event 3 4 43 Event 3 4

M.S. I do not know how I came to live on such a street But I know I was not myself when I moved there

Fl. pp

Cl. p mf pp

Pno. pp

Vln. wide vib sul pont sul tasto non vib ord vib sul tasto ord. ord.

Vc. sul tasto non vib sul pont wide vib sul tasto non vib ord. ord.

Perc. (Vib.) p

Elec. pp

45 Event 3 4 47 Event 3 4 49 Event 3 4 51 Event 5 53 Event 6 55 Event 7

II: Erich Zann

Narrator: The night I arrived I heard strange music from the peaked garret overhead.
I was told it was an old German viol-player,
a strange, mute man who signed his name as Erich Zann,

A man who played in the night
In the lofty and isolated room he had chosen.
Whose single gable window was the only point from which one could look,
at the declivity and panorama beyond.

Awake, I heard Zann every night,
haunted by the weirdness of his music.
Yet certain that none of his harmonies had any relation
to music I had heard before;

He was a composer of highly original genius.
I listened, and the longer I listened
the more I was fascinated.

III: Up the Attic Stairs

Narrator: He was a small, bent man,
with shabby clothes and a grotesque, satyr-like face,
and at my first words seemed both angered and frightening.

My friendliness, however, finally melted him;
Grudgingly motioning me to follow him up the dark, creaking, attic stairs.

His room, was one of only two in the pitched garret,
Its size was very great; greater because of its extraordinary bareness and neglect.

Music was piled in disorder about the floor.
whilst the abundance of dust and cobwebs made it seem more deserted.

Erich Zann's true world of beauty lay not here,
but in some far cosmos of the imagination.

With a lit candle he removed his viol from its moth-eaten covering,
and with it enchanted me for hours
with strains I had never heard before;

strains of his own devising.
Impossible to describe for one unversed.

A kind of fugue, with recurrent passages of the most captivating quality.

Though notable for the absence of any of the weird sounds
that I had overheard from my room below.

IV. Words of a Labored Foreigner

(♩ = 90 Rigid like clockwork)

Mezzo-soprano: *I often hummed those haunting notes... Try · ing... to re-mem-ber my*

Flute

Clarinet in Bb

Piano: *mp*, *mf*

Violin: *sul fasto*, *sul pont*

Violoncello: *sul fasto*, *sul pont*

Vibraphone: *M Yam*, *H Rubber*

Kick Drum: *gear*, *f*, *ff*, *mp*

Electronics: *mf*, *mp*

Shift SPACE

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11

M.S.: *hosts weird-er mood I whist-led a few strains I heard the night be · fore but when the mus · i · cian re-cog nized the whist-ling air His*

Fl.

Cl.

Pno.: *p*, *mf*

Vln.: *p*, *mf*

Vc.: *p*, *mf*

Perc. (Vib.): *p*, *mf*

Elect.: *p*, *mf*

rit.

12 13 14 15 16 17 18

♩ = 75

mp f mp f mf f

M.S. face grew dis-tor-ted... with a gross and fur-i-ous ex-press-ion He reached out his hand... to stop and si-lence the crude im-i-ta-tion cast-ing... a start-led glance toward the lone cur-tained win-dow as if fear-ful of some

Fl.

Cl.

Pno. *mf*

Vln. *mf mp f p* sul pont. sul D sul C sul tasto sul pont. sul tasto sul pont.

Vc. *mf mp f p* sul pont. sul tasto sul pont. sul tasto sul pont.

Perc. (Vib.)

(K. D.)

Elct. *mf*

19 20 21 22 23 24 25

rit. ♩ = 90

M.S. in-tru-der *f*

Fl.

Cl.

Pno. *f*

Vln. *p f mp mf* ord. *f mp mf*

Vc. *p f mp mf* ord. *f mp mf*

Perc. (Vib.) *mp*

(K. D.) *mf*

Elct. *mf*

26 27 28 29 30 31 32

M.S. *mf* *f* *mp* *mf* *mp*
 felt a des-i-re to look out that win-dow over the wide and diz-zy-ing pan-o-ra-ma of moon-lit roofs and
 Fl.
 Cl.
 Pno. *mp* *f* *mp* *f*
 Vln. *ad. lanto* *p*
 Vc. *plz.* *mp*
 Perc. (Vib.)
 Elect.
 33 34 35 36 37 38

rit. ♩ = 80
 M.S. *f* *ff* *f* *mf* *mp* *f*
 ci-ty lights be-low but with a fright-end rage the man was up-on me mo-tion-ing with his head toward the door as he ner-vous-ly dragged me thi-ther with both
 Fl.
 Cl.
 Pno. *mf*
 Vln. *a*
 Vc.
 Perc. (Vib.) *mf*
 (K. D.)
 Elect.
 39 40 41 42 43 44 45

rit.

p *mf* *mp* *p*

hands He crossed to the lit - tered tab - le where he wrote some words in the la - bored french. of a for - eign - er

Fl.

Cl.

Pno.

p

Vln. *p* *mf* *p* *arco*

Vc. *p*

Perc. (Vib.)

Elec.

46 47 48 49 50 51

$\text{♩} = 60$ rit.

M.S. *The note was an appeal for tolerance and forgiveness* *For he was old and lonely* *and afflicted with strange fears and disorders.*

Fl.

Cl.

Pno. *mf*

Vln.

Vc.

Perc. (Vib.) *mf*

(K. D.)

Elec. *mf*

52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60

V: Vague Wonder

Narrator: The attic room and the weird music held me, in an odd fascination.
A curious desire to look out of that window,
over the wall at glittering roofs
and spires which must lie outspread.

I would climb to my old fifth floor,
to overhear the nocturnal playing.
Growing bold enough to climb the last creaking staircase

There in the narrow hall, I often heard sounds which filled me with an indefinable dread.
The dread of vague wonder and brooding mystery.

It was not that the sounds were hideous, for they were not;
but that they held vibrations suggesting nothing on this earth,

At intervals they assumed a symphonic quality
which I could not conceive as being produced by one player.

Certainly, Erich Zann was a genius of wild power.

VI: I Waited in the Black Hallway

Narrator: One night as I listened at the door
I heard the shrieking viol swell

into a chaotic babel of sound;
a pandemonium which would have led me to doubt my own sanity.

A piteous proof that the horror was real.
An awful cry, which rises only from the most terrible fear.

I knocked repeatedly at the door,
but received no response.

I waited in the black hallway, shivering with cold and fear,

I heard Zann stumble to the window and close both shutter and sash,
then stumble to the door to admit me.
His delight at having me present was real;
For his distorted face gleamed with relief.

VII: Paradoxical Suggestions

Mezzo-Soprano

Be side side side side side his vi-al and bow lay...care-less-ly on the floor

He ... (s) at a ... 1 1 1 1 time in oc-tive nod-ding odd-ly nod-ding nod-ding (sm)

9"

5"

Tab - starts movement

SPACE

Event 0

1 2 3 4 5 6

M.S.

(nod-ding) [A] [E] [U] [O] [A]

Par - a - dax - i - cal sug - ges-tion of in - te-le-te-te tense and fright-ened te(u) - en-ing

10"

7 8 9 10 11 12

M.S.

faster AFAP (list-er-ing) He seemed sat - is - fed H(a)nd... ing me... a note he be-gan to write in-cess-ant-ly

10"

13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20

M.S.

With pen and paper big strokes scribble VERY erratic scribbling

The note im-plored me 1-1-1-to wait where I was while he pre - pared a full ac-count of all the mar-vels

21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29

M.S.

whisper and ter-rors I wait-ed And the man's pencil flew

10"

Rubato - separate from electronic tempo Jibberish

1-1-1-1-1-tis fed sat - is - note be-gan sug - gest was wait to oc - count

30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38

M.S.

the nod nod nod nod nod-ding lay bow pen-cil man in - oct - 1-1-1-1-1-five nod-ding odd-ly (s) - eemed sat - is - fed mar-vels and ter-rors I waited... I waited...

18"

39 40 41 42 43 44

XIII: Rend the Night

Narrator: I waited...
I saw Zann start as if from a horrible shock.

he looked at the curtained window and listening shudderingly.
Then I half fancied I heard a sound myself;
though not a horrible sound,
but an exquisitely low and infinitely distant note.

The effect was terrible,
he suddenly rose and seized his viol,
Commencing to rend the night with the wildest playing.

That dreadful night, the playing of Erich Zann,
was more horrible than anything I had ever heard.

I could now see the expression of his face;
I could now see that the motive was stark fear.

Trying to make a noise;
to ward something off...
drown something out...
what, I could not imagine, awesome though I it must be.

The playing grew fantastic, delirious, and hysterical,

A hungarian dance,
the last of qualities of the supreme genius.
I knew this old man possessed.

IX: Seething Abysses of Smoke and Lightning

(♩ = 140 Persistent and foreboding)

Mezzo-soprano

Flute

Bass Clarinet in B \flat

Piano

Violin

Violoncello

Vibraphone

Brake Drum

Bass Drum

(♩ = 140 Persistent and foreboding)

Electronics

Shift

SPACE

Event 0

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 Event 13 14 15 Event 16 17 18

1

1

M.S.

Fl.

B. Cl.

Pno.

Vln.

Perc. (Vib.)

(Brk. D.)

(B. D.)

Elect.

19 20 Event 1 21 Event 2 22 23 24 Event 2 25 26 27 Event 3 28 29

1

2

2

3

M.S. *f* and light - - - - - ning *ff* I heard a shill-er stea-di-er note not from the vi-

Fl. *mp*

B. Cl. *mp*

Pno. *ff* *mp* *f*

Vc. *f*

Perc. (Vib.)

(Brk. D.) *f*

(B. D.)

Elec.

47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55



M.S. *mp* ol a calm pur-pose-ful from far in the west

Fl. *mf* *n*

B. Cl. *n*

Pno. *ff*

Vc. *ff*

Perc. (Vib.) *ff*

(Brk. D.) *ff*

(B. D.) *ff*

Elec.

56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63

M.S. *mp* *f* *mf* *ff*
 A howl - ing night wind be-gan to rat-tle the shut-ters
 FL wind noises
 B. Cl. *p* *mp*
 Pno. *mp* *mf*
 Vln.
 Vc.
 Perc. (Vib.) *mf*
 (B. D.) *mf*
 Elec. *p*
 hand-ing night wind be-gan to rat-tle the shut-ters a howl-ing night wind be-gan to rat-tle the shut-ters
 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71

M.S. *mf* *f*
 As if in an-swer to the mad play-ing... with in...
 FL
 B. Cl. *mf*
 Pno. *mf*
 Vc. *mf*
 Perc. (Vib.) *f* Kick Drum
 Elec.
 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79

Fl.

B. Cl.

Pno.

Vc.

(Brk. D.)

(K. D.)

Elect.

80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87

f *ff* *f* *ff* *pp* *p*

sul pont
more pressure



M.S.

B. Cl.

Pno.

Vln.

Vc.

(Brk. D.)

(K. D.)

Elect.

88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97

ff *ff* *ff* *ff* *ff* *ff* *p* *f*

The glass

sul pont
real harsh extra pressure

real harsh extra pressure

X: Space Illimitable

Narrator: A sudden gust, stronger than the others,
caught up the manuscript and bore it toward the window.

in desperation, I reached the demolished panes.

I remembered my wish to gaze from this window,
the only window in the Rue d'Auseil one might see beyond the wall,

The city's lights always burned,

Yet when I looked from that highest of gable windows,
looked while the insane viol howled with the night-wind,
I saw no city below; no friendly lights gleaming from remembered streets,
Only the blackness of space illimitable;

unimagined space alive with motion and music,
no semblance to anything on earth.

I stood there in terror,
In savage and impenetrable darkness, chaos and pandemonium before me,
and the daemon madness of that night-baying viol behind me.

XI: Unknown Things

Narrator: Through the garret strange currents of wind
seemed to dance in the darkness.

I staggered, groping my way to the place
where the blackness screamed with shocking music.

To save myself and Erich Zann I could at least try,
whatever the powers opposed to me.

Out of the blackness I felt ahead,
and shook Zann's shoulder in effort to bring him to his senses.

"we must both flee from the unknown things of the night!"

He neither answered me nor abated the frenzy of his music.

I plunged wildly away from that glassy-eyed thing in the dark,
the ghoulish howling of that accursed viol
whose fury increased even as I did so.

Leaping, floating, flying down those endless stairs through that dark house;
racing mindlessly out into ancient streets
clattering over cobbles to the putrid river;
Across the great dark bridge

These are terrible impressions that linger with me:
There was no wind...
The moon was out...
and all the lights of the city burned.

XII: Undreamable Abysses

(♩ = 65 Distant and very legato)

Mezzo-soprano
Des - pile my most careful searches and investigations I have never again been able to find the Rue d'Audeli

Flute
wind
p < mf f < p < mf p < fp < mf n p

Clarinet in B♭
n < mf n p < mf p p mf p < mf

Piano
pp f
Molto *ad lib*

Violin
p p < mf n p < mf n mf n

Violoncello
p p

Vibraphone
Bow
p mf bow mp

Percussion
with hot rods or brushes
mp mf mp n mp n

Electronica
(♩ = 65 Distant and very legato)

Shift
SPACE
Event 0 1 2 3 5 6 4 5 9 6 7 12 13 8 14 15

M.S.
mf p f p mf p mf

But I am not sorry for... this or for the loss in... un-dream-able ab-ys - es (ss)

Fl.
pizz. wind pizz. wind
mf p pp n < mp n n

Cl.
p pp n < mp n

Pno.
p mp f

Vln.
ord pont wide vib non vib
n p

Vc.
p

Perc. (Vib.)
mf p mp p gfg gfg gfg

Elec.
p

16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27

10"

M.S. *f* *ff* *mp* *mf* *f* *mp* *mf* *f*

for the close-ly writ-ten sheets... which a-lone could ex-plain... the mus-ic of Er-ich Zann

Fl. *pizz.* *mf* *p* *f* *p* *mp* *mf* *p* *mp* *mf*

Cl. *mf* *f* *p* *mp* *mf* *p* *mp*

Pno. *f* *mp* *mf* *p* *mf*

Vln. *mf* *mp* *f* *a*

Vc. *mf* *mp* *f* *a*

Perc. (Vib.) *p* *f* *mf* *p* *mf*

(B. D.) *mp*

Elec. *f* *p*

28 29 Event **Y** Event **O** Event **Q** Event **W** Event **E** Event **R** Event **T** 35 36 37 38 39 40 Event **Y** Event **U** Event **I**

101 102 103 104 105 106 107 108

May 1st, 2016
Austin, TX USA